

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, October 4, 1893, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Beinn Bhreagh, Victoria County, Little Narrowe, Cape Breton, N. S. Oct. 4th 1893. My dear Alec:

Where and how are you? My big boy is not often off my mind, and I would so like to know more about him, and be able to think of him a little more definitely than floating somewhere between Washington, New York and Boston.

We suggested as we sat at our evening game of whist that you and Helmholtz might then be talking together, and I said I was so glad to think that, I did so want Helmholtz to see what kind of man you were, I was not ashamed of you. Miss True said "how kind of you," greatly to Lina's indignation.

We are still waiting on the pleasure of the winds that we may have a couple of pleasant days before returning home.

Mr. McCurdy has just shown me a letter which has given me a great deal of pleasure. It is a request from some one at Cow Bay that you will repeat your lecture on Cyclones and Hurricanes to the people of that district for the benefit of the shipwrecked people of the Etta Stewart. I told Mr. McCurdy to reply that you were not here at present but that I was sure you would be glad to accede to their request on your return if you could. Then there is another letter from a man up Wycocomagh way who wants to sell you a tame, brown velvet hawk that doesn't need a cage. Mr. McCurdy replies you will think of it when your arrangements for keeping a collection of animals are complete and you have some one to take charge. Lina 2 thinks she would like to be that person.

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We tried making some dyes with the green moss, but with very indifferent success. I wish you would bring me some books on dyeing.

We are going to drive up the gorge this morning half way to Lake Anislic. I wish the steam launch would come first, it did not come yesterday and I do wish to hear of you and my dear babies.

How much longer will you be away. It seems ages. I like you around even if you are a bother sometimes. You are the mainspring of my life and though when it is gone the other wheels go on by themselves for a time, it is very languidly and more slowly, and I want you back to give an interest in life.

I think I will write once or twice more and then hope that you are on your homeward way. Please bring me back some little thing just as the dove brought back a leaf. I like evidence that you have thought of me while away.

Ever your Mabel. I have decided to send this to Washington instead of New York, as I intended, so I add a P.S. of love to my darling Mother and Papa.